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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

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CHAPTER I.

WHEN the rusty hands of the office clock marked half past 4, the editor in chief of the Carlow County Herald took his hand out of his hair, wiped his pen on his last notice from the White Caps, put on his coat, swept out the close little entry and left the sanctum for the bright June afternoon.

He chose the way to the west, strolling thoughtfully out of town by the white, hot, deserted Main street and thence onward by the country road into which its proud half mile of old brick store buildings, tumbledown frame shops and thinly painted cottages degenerated. The sun was in his face where the road ran betw n the summer fields, lying waveless, low, gracious in promise; but, coming to a wood of hickory and beech and walnut that stood beyond, he might turn his down-bent hat brim up and hold his head erect. Here the shade fell deep and cool on the green tangle of rag and iron weed and long grass in the corners of the snake fence, although the sun beat upon the road so close beside. There was no movement of the crisp young leaves overhead. High in the boughs there was a quick flirt of crimson where two robins hopped noiselessly. The late afternoon, when the air is quite still, had come, yet there rested somewhere on the quiet day a faint, pleasant, woody smell. It came to the editor of the Herald as he climbed to the top rail of the fence for a seat, and he drew a long breath to get the elusive odor more luxuriously, and then it was gone altogether.

"A habit of delicacies," he said aloud, addressing the wide silence complainingly. "One taste and they quit," he finished, gazing solemnly upon the shining little town down the road.

It was a place of which its inhabitants sometimes remarked easily that their city had a population of from 5,000 to 6,000 souls, but it should be easy to forgive them for such statements. Civic pride is a virtue. The town lay in the heart of that fertile stretch of flat lands in Indiana where eastern travelers, glancing from car windows, shudder and return their eyes to interior upholstery, preferring even the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to the monotony without. The landscape runs on interminably level lines—bleak in winter, a desolate plain of mud and snow; hot and dusty in summer, miles on miles of flat lonesomeness, with not one cool hill slope away from the sun. The persistent tourist who seeks for signs of man in this sad expanse perceives a reckless amount of rail fence, at intervals a large barn, and here and there man himself, incurious, patient, slow, looking up from the fields apathetically as the limited flies by. Now and then the train passes a village built scatteringly about a courthouse, with a mill or two humming near the tracks. This is a county seat, and the inhabitants and the local papers refer to it confidently as "our city."

Such a county seat was Plattville, capital of Carlow county. The social and business energy of the town concentrated on the square, and here in summer time the gentlemen were wont to lounge from store to store in their shirt sleeves, and in the center of the square stood the old red brick courthouse, loosely fenced in a shady grove of maple and elm—"slipp'ry ellum"—called the "courthouse yard." When the sun grew too hot for the dry goods box whittlers in front of the stores around the square and the occupants of the chairs in front of the Palace hotel on the corner they would go across and drape themselves over the fence and carve their initials on the top board. From the position of the sun the editor of the Herald judged that these operations were now in progress, and he was not deeply elated by the knowledge that whatever desultory conversation might pass from man to man on the fence would probably be inspired by his own convictions expressed editorially in the Herald.

He drew a faded tobacco bag and a brier pipe from his pocket and, after filling and lighting the pipe, twirled the pouch mechanically about his finger, then, suddenly regarding it, patted it caressingly. It had been a giddy little bag long ago, gay with embroidery in the colors of the editor's university, and, although now it was frayed to the verge of tatters, it still bore an air of pristine jauntiness, an air of which its owner in nowise partook. He looked from it toward the village in the clear distance and sighed softly as he put the pouch back in his pocket and, resting his arm on his knee and his chin on his hand, sat blowing clouds of smoke out of the shade into the sunshine, absently watching the ghostly shadow on the white dust of the road.

A little garter snake crept under the fence beneath him and disappeared in the underbrush; a rabbit, progressing on its travels by a series of brilliant dashes and terror smitten halts, came within a few yards of him, sat up with quivering nose and eyes alight with fearful imaginings and vanished, a flash of fluffy brown and white. Shadows grew longer; a cricket chirped and heard answers; there was a woodland stir of breezes, and the pair of robins left the ...ches overhead in eager flight, vacating before the arrival of a flock of blackbirds hastening thither ere the eventide should be upon them. The blackbirds came, chattered, gossiped, quarreled and beat each other with their wings above the smoker sitting on the top fence rail.

But he had remembered. A thousand miles to the east it was commencement day, seven years to a day from his own commencement.

Five years ago, on another June afternoon, a young man from the east had alighted on the platform of the station north of Plattville and, entering the rickety omnibus that lingered there seeking whom it might rattle to deafness, demanded to be driven to the Herald building. It did not strike the driver that the newcomer was precisely a gay young man when he climbed into the omnibus, but an hour later, as he stood in the doorway of the edifice he had indicated as his destination, depression seemed to have settled into the marrow of his bones.

Plattville was instantly alert to the stranger's presence, and interesting conjectures were hazarded all day long at the back door of Martin's Dry Goods Emporium (this was the club during the day), and at supper the new arrival and his probable purposes were discussed over every table in the town. Upon inquiry he had informed Judd Bennett, the driver of the omnibus, that he had come to stay. Naturally such a declaration caused a sensation, as people did not come to Plattville to live except through the inadvertency of being born there. In addition the young man's appearance and attire were reported to be extraordinary. Many of the curious, among them most of the marriageable females of the place, took occasion to pass and repass the sign of the Carlow County Herald during the evening.

Meanwhile the stranger was seated in the dingy office upstairs with his head bowed low on his arms. Twilight stole through the dirty window panes and faded into darkness. Night filled the room. He did not move. The young man from the east had bought the Herald from an agent—had bought it without ever having been within a hundred miles of Plattville. The Herald was an alleged weekly which had sometimes appeared within five days of its declared date of publication and sometimes missed fire altogether. It was a thorn in the side of every patriot of Carlow county, and Carlow people, after supporting the paper loyally and long, had at last given it up and subscribed for the Gazette, published in the neighboring county of Amo. The former proprietor of the Herald, a surreptitious gentleman with a goatee, had taken the precaution of leaving Plattville forever on the afternoon preceding his successor's arrival. The young man from the east had vastly overpaid for his purchase. Moreover, the price he had paid for it was all the money he had in the world.

The next morning he went bitterly to work. He hired a compositor from Rouen, a young man named Parker, who set type all night long and helped him pursue advertisements all day. The citizens shook their heads pessimistically. They had about given up the idea that the Herald could ever amount to anything, and they betrayed an innocent but caustic doubt of ability in any stranger.

One day the new editor left a note on his door: "Will return in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Rodney McCune, a politician from the neighboring county of Gaines, happening to be in Plattville on an errand to his henchmen, found the note and wrote beneath the message the scathing inquiry, "Why?"

When he discovered this addendum, the editor smiled for the first time since his advent and reported the incident in his next issue, using the rubric "Why Has the Herald Returned to Life?" as a text for a rousing editorial on honesty in politics, a subject of which he already knew something. The political district to which Carlow belonged was governed by a limited number of gentlemen whose wealth was ever on the increase, and honesty in politics was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street corners and in the stores. The next week there was another editorial, personal and local in its application, and thereby it became evident that the new proprietor of the Herald was a theorist who believed in general that a politician's honor should not be merely of that middling healthy species known as "honor among politicians," and in particular that Rodney McCune should not receive the nomination of his party for congress. Now, Mr. McCune was the undoubted dictator of the district, and his followers laughed at the stranger's fantastic onset; but the editor was not content with the word of print. He hired a horse and rode about the country and (to his own surprise) proved to be an adaptable young man who enjoyed exercise with a pitchfork to the farmer's profit while the farmer talked. He talked little himself, but after listening an hour or so he would drop a word from the saddle as he left, and then, by some surprising wizardry, the farmer, thinking over the interview, decided there was some sense in what that young fellow said and grew curious to see what the young fellow had further to say in the Herald.

Politics is the one subject that goes to the vitals of every rural American, and a Hoosier will talk politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials and found them interesting, although there was no one who did not perceive the utter absurdity of a young stranger dropping into Carlow and involving himself in a party fight against the boss of the district. It was entirely a party fight, for by grace of the last gerrymander the nomination carried with it the certainty of election.

A week before the convention there came a provincial earthquake. The news passed from man to man in awe struck whispers—McCune had withdrawn his name, making the shallowest of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his disordered retreat beyond the fact that he had been in Plattville on the morning before his withdrawal and had issued from a visit to the Herald office in a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the Rouen printer, had been present at the close of the interview, but he held his peace at the command of his employer. He had been called into the sanctum and had found McCune, white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting a bundle of papers he held in his hand, "I want you to witness a verbal con-

Mr. Rodney McCune found the note.

tract between Mr. McCune and myself. These papers are an affidavit and copies of some records of a street car company which obtained a charter while Mr. McCune was in the legislature. They were sent to me by a man I do not know, an anonymous friend of Mr. McCune—in fact, a friend he seems to have lost. On consideration of our not printing these papers Mr. McCune agrees to retire from politics for good. You understand, if he ever lifts his head again politically we publish them, and the courts will do the rest. Now, in case anything should happen to me"—

"Something will happen to you all right!" broke out McCune. "You can bank on that, you black"—

"Come," the editor interrupted not unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemy—not at all—and I think you are getting off rather easily, aren't you? You keep out of politics and everything will be comfortable. You ought never to have been in it, you see. It's a mistake not to go square, because in the long run somebody is sure to give you away, like the fellow who sent me these. You promise to hold to a strictly private life?"

"You're a traitor to the party," groaned the other; "but you only wait"—

The editor smiled sadly. "Wait nothing! Don't threaten, man. Go home to your wife. I'll give you three to one she'll be glad you are out of it."

"I'll give you three to one," said McCune, "that the White Caps will get you if you stay in Carlow. You want to look out for yourself, I tell you, my smart boy."

"Good day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I—I haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gayer to you before long, and if—if anything should turn up that I can do for you in a private way I'll be very glad, you know. Goodby."

The sound of the Herald's victory went over the state. The paper came out regularly. The townsfolk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The Herald began to sell in Amo, and Gaines county people subscribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the Herald announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that and the aid of "patent insides" began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Plattville brass band serenaded the editor.

During the second month of the new regime of the Herald the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some barroom loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks' steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home."

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamour of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the Herald to nickname him, in his own mind, "the White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the high school for ten years, but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumfounded pupils on archæology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored him with his society. The old man understood. He knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Pala... bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the hardier veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home Fisbee appeared at the Herald office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased and he had become the reportorial staff of the Carlow County Herald; also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings when he started home from the office his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the Herald kept steadily at his work, and as time went on the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville, but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway of Amo, whom the Herald's opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for renomination, nor did the realization that the editor of the Carlow County Herald had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enlivening effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one, but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six Crossroads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was. They knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Crossroads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his commencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, despondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly opposite him. The red faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy' do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes, just soaking," answered Harkless. "It's such a gypsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

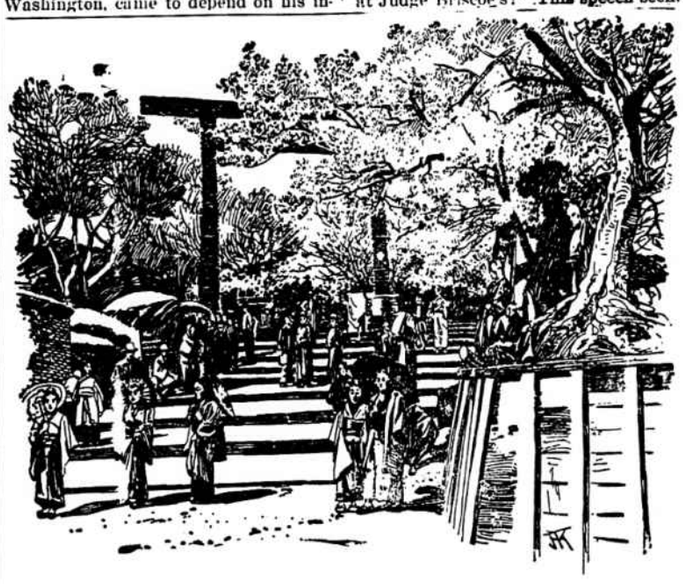
"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank you, and all at home. *She's* in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's be'n steady ever sence the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest"—

Harkless sighed. "Oh, **he's** the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, **but**"— Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly **as his** eyes opened in surprise, and **he exclaimed**: "Law, I'd never of **expected to see** you settin' here today! **Why ain't** you out at Judge Briscoe's?" **This speech seem-**



A STREET SCENE IN YOKOHAMA.

This is not a scene from a comic opera, but an actual view of Yokohama, one of Japan's great cities. Civilization has advanced very rapidly in the Land of the Chrysanthemum, but the streets and the people are as picturesque as ever.

ed to be intended with some humor... Bowlder accompanied it with the most laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the deepoe they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figger it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could git out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Upton— You know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's"—

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sherwood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwerds. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoes thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selby says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, *she'll* be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me."

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much—livin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dashboard and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conversation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet."

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther you stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us if you git any spare time from the judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum by, saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and flat to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the lonesomeness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the

He stopped to exchange a word.

fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courthouse yard of the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofields'," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public sperrited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that 'll git Main street paved with block or asphalt; men that 'll put in factories; men that 'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywoggle along and make fun of public sperrit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of coatless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the courthouse, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

The bell ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofields' Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofields'), was moved to indignation. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk. Let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell ringer good night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofields'," he said mournfully as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young man and detained him for a moment as the supper gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the judge tonight?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

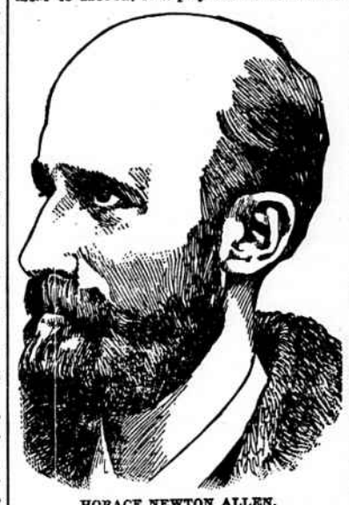
"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MINISTER ALLEN.

Horace N. Allen, United States minister to Korea, is a physician as well as



HORACE NEWTON ALLEN.

diplomat and is said to have great influence with the emperor. He has lived in Korea many years.

"WHAT WAR?"

Queried the Russian Soldier When Asked to Give His Opinions.

Some time ago, according to a Washington letter to the New York Herald, a rather naive correspondent of an English paper caused merriment to those here who read his accounts of imaginary war sentiments among the lower classes of drosky drivers and the like in St. Petersburg. That class knows nothing of the war and cares less.

I am quite sure if you were to ask a hundred drosky drivers their opinion of the war, 99 would either imagine you were poking fun at them or would reply, "What war?"

The same is the case among the workmen of the lower classes—utter ignorance and complete indifference.

"What has war to do with us?" they say.

But you might expect to find some spontaneous sentiment concerning the war among soldiers. Not a bit of it.

M. Matjuschenski, of the Petersburger Viedemosti, had an inspiration. He said to himself, "If the Russian soldier knows the cause of war he will certainly fight with might and main. I will start out to see what he has to say."

Accordingly, inspired with a strong desire to ascertain the amount of understanding the soldier had of the cause of the war in which he is likely to be called upon to take an active part, M. Majuschenski proceeded to interrogate one of the soldiers of the guard as follows:

"What do you know of the war?"

"The war? Do you mean war with the Japanese?" replied the soldier.

"Yes, with the Japanese."

The soldier said: "I know nothing about it; they say it will be war."

"That is not what I want to know. Ought we to go to war or give all the Japanese ask?"

Soldier—What do they want?

"They want to take Manchuria."

Soldier—Does it belong to us?

"It does not exactly belong to us, but we have a railroad and two harbors there.

Soldier—Indeed.

"Well, how is it? Should we make war or not?"

Soldier—I don't know. It is as the people above desire.

"But what do you yourself think of it?"

Soldier—It is all the same to us. We have taken our oath to the service of the Tsar of our country, so we shall do as we are told.

There being nothing to be got from the soldier upon the basis of the Manchurian question, and as neither railroad nor harbors had the smallest effect upon him, M. Majuschenski tried a change of tactics.

"But the Japanese say they can beat us."

Soldier—They will beat us?

"They say that the Russian soldier will not face the Japanese."

Soldier—Not face him?

"Yes. They say they will beat and destroy Russia."

Soldier—Destroy?

The soldier retired and took up a defensive attitude.

"And the English say that the Japanese can beat us?"

The soldier drew himself together, his arms moved nervously and his eyes lit up with uncertain hatred.

"Shall we give up Manchuria?" asked M. Majuschenski.

"Give up? No, let them come themselves and take it," cried the soldier.